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BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT. TUESDAY SEPT. 21, 1867

PRICE. TWO CENTS

TO HORSE OWNERS!

Dr. Bryden's HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES.

Which have been most successfully used in my own practice throughout Vermont and New England for many years, are now offered to the PUBLIC, for the rapid cure of all diseases incident to

HORSES AND CATTLE.

Herd keepers, Livery Stable keepers, Horse Buyers, Stage men, Carriers, and Farmers, in every section, are aware of the success that has attended the use of these medicines, and I have good reason to believe that they will all agree that they will prove the "needful cure" for all horse and cattle owners' use.

W. H. BRYDEN.

These medicines consist of
Dr. Bryden's Condition Powders,
For Horses and Cattle out of condition—

DR. BRYDEN'S
Cough or Heave Powder,
For Coughs, Heaves or Broken Wind.

DR. BRYDEN'S URINE POWDER,
For Stagnation of Water or too scanty discharges.

DR. BRYDEN'S
Embrocation & Liniment,
For Sore Throats and Horse Distemper, swollen neck, edema, lameness, sprains, cramps, and lameness of every description, in the shortest possible time.

Dr. Bryden's Bone Compound,
For Ring Bone, splint, or any enlargement of the bone from thick, hard or any other cause. This compound will stop the growth of the enlargement, and in all cases the lameness. Perfect success has always attended the use of this valuable compound.

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For Worms and Thrush. Wonderful cures of the worst cases have been performed with this excellent remedy. No medicine can be compared with this for Coughs, Thrush, Ring Bone, and foot rot in sheep.

Dr. Bryden's SPECIFIC for SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, NEVER FAILS! NEVER FAILS!
It will entirely cure the most severe cases of Scalds, Chilblains, and it will surely cure. Also for itching or rubbing off of hair, and cause rapid growth of hair wherever applied.

DR. BRYDEN'S
Hoof Compound,
To grow the hoof, in case of contracted feet, flat feet, quarter cracks, &c. A complete new healthy hoof can be grown out by use of the compound in a short time.

DR. BRYDEN
Is well known by horse owners in Vermont. That it is so well known is due to the fact that it is a universal cure for the most common diseases of Horses & Cattle. And in presenting these medicines prepared with the greatest care from his receipts, we have only to say to such as have seen his remedies used.

You know what they will do
to all who have HORSES and CATTLE in their care. You have only to give them a single trial to be fully convinced that they are

THE BEST REMEDIES
Ever sold in Vermont.
Full directions with each package.
PRICE ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

PREPARED BY
FRED. E. SMITH, DRUGGIST
Montpelier, Vermont

SMITH'S
ANODYNE

COUGH DROPS
Has stood the test of a
Ten Year's Trial,
and is now acknowledged
THE BEST IN USE.

It has the fullest confidence of its patrons, and over
60,000 Bottles
having been sold in Vermont is a guarantee of its efficacy.

The Price is within the
Reach of All.
so that the poorest families in town need never be without this most

VALUABLE REMEDY.
To prevent the sad consequences of a hard cold or
coughing, cough, be prompt to procure

The Anodyne Cough Drops,
For it always cures.

PHYSICIANS
also in all parts of the State, use it in their practice and
in their own families.

They say it is excellent for
COUGHS COLDS, CROUP,
ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, &c.

And this is the universal voice of people who use it.
As a FAMILY MEDICINE, for sudden Colds, for Children, and for aged people who cough and are kept awake
at night, we do surely believe there is not so

GOOD AND RELIABLE REMEDY
In the land, when such men as
Dr. Clark, Dr. Bigelow, Hon. E. P. Walton, Dr. Smith,
Dr. Johnson, Hon. B. P. Thompson, Capt. Jewett, Gen.
C. W. Storey, Ellis & Hatch,
give the highest recommendations for its use we ask
WHO CAN DOUBT IT!

FATHER HOBART,
The Oldest Minister in New England,
gives his strongest recommendation of its efficacy and for
its use.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST,
You can run no risk, for every bottle is
Warranted!
PRICE 25 CENTS.
FRED. E. SMITH, Proprietor,
Montpelier, Vt.

PURE MIDDLESEX OIL.

A certain parties in Montpelier have for years past sold inferior Oil as being of my manufacture, I deem it necessary, and have opened an Office at

L. F. PIERCE'S
Drug and Paint Store
AT
MONTPELIER,
for the sale of my

OIL!
All who wish Oil of the best quality, and

Perfectly Pure!
can get it at my Office in Montpelier, at the

LOWEST PRICES.
Merchants, Palaters, and those who buy by the Barrel or more, shall have it at Factory price, delivered at my Office in Montpelier.

L. F. PIERCE, Agent.

GENUINE
Middlesex Oil!
I have this day purchased

RAW AND BOILED OIL
OF MR. ENOS STILES, Middlesex, Vt., which I will sell to Painters, Paint Dealers and Builders, at the lowest market prices.

FRED. E. SMITH, Druggist,
Montpelier, Vt.

BEAR IN MIND!
The True Raw and Boiled
MIDDLESEX OIL
cannot be found at every place. So call for all your

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Japan Spirits, Turpentine, Brushes, &c.,

at the Drug Store of
FRED. E. SMITH,
Montpelier, Vt.

SMITH'S
ANODYNE
COUGH
DROPS

Have been before the people of Vermont for more than ten years, and a sale of more than 60,000 Bottles is the best recommendation of the people.

PHYSICIANS!
MINISTERS!
AND PEOPLE,
use Smith's Anodyne Cough Drops, with the utmost satisfaction!

THE OLDEST
MINISTER IN
NEW ENGLAND,
THE REV. FATHER HOBART,
has used it for many years, and recommends its use in the strongest terms.

MOTHERS USE IT FOR
CHILDREN
TEETHING

and it proves to them the one thing needful, in every case.

RICH AND POOR,
HIGH AND LOW,
OLD AND YOUNG
SHOULD USE

SMITH'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS
Only 25 cents per bottle.

FRED. E. SMITH, Druggist, Proprietor,
MONTPELIER, VT.

BOSTON JOURNAL,
MORNING AND EVENING EDITION
FOR sale at the Publisher's prices, by the subscriber, under J. E. LANGDON'S Flour Store, or delivered to Village subscribers at their residences. Also, by Stage or otherwise, out of town.

South Hardwick Academy
The Fall Term of this Institution will commence Wednesday, Sept. 4, and continue eleven weeks.

BOARD OF TEACHERS.
A. J. SANBORN, A. B., Principal.
Mrs. M. J. SANBORN, Teacher of French.
Geo. H. BLAKE, Assistant.
Jesse E. J. NOBLE, Teacher of Primary Department.
WILLIAM F. WHIPPLE, Teacher of Music.
ABEL T. WAY, Teacher of Penmanship.

The above Teachers have been carefully selected and we feel assured that no school in this part of the State offers more ample facilities for education than this. The building is spacious, neatly furnished, and well suited for the comfort of the student. The school is situated in the pleasant and thriving village of South Hardwick, easy of access, and surrounded by an intelligent community.

Particular attention will be given to those who wish to pursue a classical course, preparatory to entering College. It will be the aim of the teachers to teach, not isolated facts, but principles, and their relations to each other; to teach practical knowledge, that the student may not go out into life like the hooded messenger of the Savan, but with his knowledge classified and arranged, so that he may know how, when and where it is to be called into use.

The best manner of teaching the different branches will be discussed in a class formed for the benefit of those intending to teach.

The Piano, Harmony and Thorough Bass will be thoroughly taught, and vocal music will be a daily exercise in school.

The debating society will give a good opportunity for speaking and writing, both to Ladies and Gentlemen. Lectures will be given by the Principal upon the different branches pursued during the term.

Board from \$1.50 to \$2.00, including room, washing, fuel, &c.

Rooms for self-boarders one shilling per week.

For tuition see small handbills.

For Rooms or Board apply to the Principal.

South Hardwick, July 25, 1867. E. B. GUYER, Sec.

Miscellany.

The Happy Meeting.

"I'm glad you've come, George. You are too tired to go any further, I know, but I am so anxious about your uncle Jerry, and have no one else to send after him. He's been gone ever since nine o'clock, and I'm sure he lies in a drunken sleep, at that horrid tavern, or has been turned out to freeze to death in the cold snow."

"Dear aunty, now calm yourself, and don't imagine so many dreadful things," I said, my compassion awakened by her dark forebodings and by the sight of the tears that were coursing down her sorrow-worn cheeks. "I'll go right away, and you may be certain I will bring him home; and aunty sometime I shall be large enough and brave enough to punish that old monster that is dealing destruction to poor, weak men like uncle Jerry. Good-bye," I started for the house with rapid strides, bearing a quickly beating heart and a face flushed with indignation. The snow whistled about me, half blinding my eyes, and rapidly filling the small foot-path that led, by a nearer way than by the traveled road, to the neighboring village. I dashed bravely on, without a thought of the warlike elements, but absorbed in the bitter reflections which my aunt's words had awakened.

I was an orphan, fourteen years of age, and had lived with my uncle Jerry ever since the sad day when I watched my mother's burial, with the convulsive grief of a child of seven summers. In the genial home to which I was carried, I could only for a brief season dwell sadly upon my bereavement.

Children forget their sorrows when they feel that the love and sympathy of which they were suddenly deprived is flowing back to their hearts in other channels. My uncle's genial nature, my aunt's kind, motherly demeanor, soon banished the temporary shadow from my spirits, and I was again a light-hearted boy, free from a thought of coming cares and sorrows. No child could possess a stronger love for a parent than that which had been growing into my heart since my uncle's broad arms were outstretched to receive me. I had felt a youthful pride in his superior worth and intelligence, and in the respect he elicited from all classes of community. As I became older, I began to discern the ominous shadow which was threatening our hitherto cloudless sky. Oh! what hours of sadness and humiliation to myself and my poor aunt, were those in which we watched for his return, picturing in our minds odious scenes where he "loved long at the wine," unmindful of the love of wife and child, of his sacred vows, and, more bitter still, despising his own self respect and manhood. The curse came in loss of esteem, neglect of business, the drunkard's passion-stained face, and imbecile mind. Words of love, entreaty, and reproach, were alike idle in their influence. The strong moral will, to which his passions had hitherto been subject, seemed turned from its channel, and flowing downward with daily accelerated force. He shamed us in his hours of drunken folly, and slunk ashamed from our presence when reason and a sense of degradation returned.

I had gone, early that morning, with a company of young friends on a skating excursion to a neighboring village, and had come back buoyant with happiness, when I was met by my aunt's anxious face and despairing words. Bitter thoughts of that which had turned our joy into mourning for many years, were coursing through my mind, as I strode through the blinding snow to the haunt of my fallen uncle. The threat against the rumseller, repeated to my aunt, was only a vague hint of what had long been gathering in my mind. I was young, but spirited and fearless, and during that walk there was a loud cry in my heart for vengeance upon the wretch that had robbed us of our happiness. This feeling increased as I neared the house, and saw lights shining gayly from the windows, and well dressed men, mingled with the ragged and bloated, passing by the broad open door. Failing to recognize the form of my uncle, I walked directly into the bar-room and looked around with scornful eyes upon the group there congregated.

"Well, what do you want here, young man?" asked the proprietor, in a gruff tone, as he noticed my belated air.

"I came to see if you had got my uncle, Jerry Davis, drunk again," I answered with much spirit.

"Well, youngster, he isn't here, so you had better take yourself off," he replied, harshly.

"What have you done with him, you villain!" I demanded, impetuously, the possibility of my aunt's surprise, that he had perished in the snow, flashing across my mind.

A hoarse peal of laughter, incited by my bravado, filled the room, and one of the tipplers replied, "Jerry's gone to sign the pledge!" an announcement that called forth another noisy expression of merriment. Satisfied that he was not there, I did not wait for any further remarks, nor to see what course the landlord's violent anger was about to take. Passing through the hall I met a young man who said, "Your uncle is attending the temperance lecture in the meeting-house. I saw him there not five minutes ago."

Glad surprise filled my heart as I directed my steps towards the sacred walls, which, I was assured, could furnish no associations save those of peace, hope and promise. The storm had nearly ceased, and the broken clouds revealed spots of brightness, giving assurance that light was above the frowning sky, and, ere long, would reign in triumph.

I hailed it as an omen of good, and with deep gratitude I entered the church, and glanced eagerly around upon its occupants. Strange to my bewildered mind was the scene there enacting. Before the pulpit stood a young man of slight figure, but of noble, commanding presence, whose face was lighted with holy enthusiasm, well in keeping with the earnest, eloquent words issuing from his lips. I had arrived in time to hear the closing sentences of his discourse—the melting entreaty that brought tears to the eyes of every listener. Yes, thank heaven! to the eyes of that man who is gazing into the young sinner's face as it on him rested his hope of salvation. He moved forward in the pressure of that assembly, seized the pen, and a moment later, the name of Jerry Davis stands first on the list of those pledged to life-long abstinence! For a brief time I heard and saw nothing, but as wild, hearty cheers broke from the audience, I started up, and waving my cap, expressed my joy in louder hurrahs than any of the others.

We were on our way homeward. Not a word was spoken until we approached the tavern and I, perhaps, clung to his hand with a tighter grasp than before; he then spoke in a clear, firm voice: "Never fear for your old uncle to-night, George. He has made a vow, and God has heard it. He will keep it—he will keep it forever."

How beautiful the moon shone upon the silent fields, covered with the dazzling robe of winter! Every cloud had left the sky.—Above and around was the peace of nature, and within, "the soul's calm sunshine and the heart's joy." Before we reached the house we saw revealed by the light within, my aunt's form in the open door, as she stood watching for our arrival. I ran lightly up the steps, and seizing her hand exclaimed joyfully:

"Good news, aunty, good news! He has taken the pledge." She gazed in bewilderment upon her husband who stood in her presence wearing the look that was his in those happy days before the tempter had taken him captive.

"Can you forgive me, Sarah," he said, "when I tell you I am myself again? I have triumphed once and forever."

It is said that there is happiness in the dwelling of the millionaire, and in the palaces of kings; but I believe that no palatial residence ever sheltered three happier hearts than did our humble cottage that glorious winter evening.

M. A. H.

Kind Words.
The dews of evening fall softly upon the parched earth; each little drop revives and refreshes. The tender plant looking so weary, bowed as if with grief, raises its delicate cup to catch each little pearl. Invigorated, it stands erect, and anon could bear with the wind and the shower.

Kind words! How sweetly they fall upon the wounded spirit. They are truly Heaven's messengers, sent to us in our darkest moments, like angels of light and mercy; and in moments of pleasure, right glad are we to treasure them. And why should we not cultivate a stock in the garden of our hearts? or why not rather cultivate the soil there? Heaven's teachings would foster and cherish them, "growing with our growth, strengthening with our strength," sincere would they be, those kind words!

It has been thought that kindness of heart and manner belong most appropriately to woman's gentle sphere; she is called a "ministering angel," and not undeservingly. But cannot man, "head of the woman," also let words of kindness dwell on his tongue? Oh, if he but only would! How many a trusting woman's heart would respond, "for sweet are such tones from lips we love." Would not each domestic circle become a little paradise, under the influence of kind words?—Let each member thereof suppress the angry retort, smother the unamiable frown, look cheerily, answer softly—would it be wonderful if happiness entered there, and took up her willing abode? Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, all knit together by sweet ties of affection—their hopes, their interests, all undivided, their cares lightened, their hearts gladdened, and all by the influence of kind words!

And this spirit, as the circle gradually widens, would penetrate through society. A simple thing is a kind word—and yet how important! Young folks, let your words as

well as deeds be kind, always kind. If Nature has not graced you with personal beauty, she will fully compensate, if you, like the fairy in the fable, let only pearls and diamonds fall from your lips. Will you try it, by rule and cultivation? You will, you must succeed. One day, your hearts will be light, and you will suddenly find yourselves as winged angels, and God will whisper, "Faithful servants, come up higher!"

"Just as I am."
The following touching incident under the above heading, we find related in the *Examiner*, and it is a forcible illustration of the wide range of the means of usefulness within the reach of the humblest Christian. God abundantly rewards those who are faithful in little, and often gives a power to humble efforts that apparently far exceeds in results, that accomplished by more imposing instrumentalities.

A few weeks ago, a poor little boy came to one of our ward missionaries, and holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of printed paper, said, "Please sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found that it was a page containing that precious lyrical epitome of the Gospel, of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God—I come!"

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died, and she used to sing it all the time while she was sick, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame, to hang it up. Won't you please to give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a falling leaf, by Christian hands, hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sabbath-school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find in it, we may hope, the Gospel of her salvation.—Could she, in any probability, have gone down into death, sweetly singing that hymn of penitence and faith in Jesus, to her latest breath, without the saving knowledge of him which the Holy Spirit alone imparts?

The incident was so impressive that it was related in a Sabbath-school, subsequently, and copies of the same beautiful hymn were given to all who would promise to learn it. Groups of children from such schools have since been seen repeating or singing it. None can tell what these simple lines have done, or are destined to do, for the salvation of the lost.

Making Sermons.
Rev. J. B. Simmons, a Baptist minister of Indianapolis, writing on this subject, says:

"1. If you have a printed book of plans and skeletons, throw it into the fire. 2. If you have a blank book in which you have collected the plans of sermons you have heard other ministers preach, throw that in the fire too. 3. If you have been in the habit of picking your sermons up from scraps, and newspapers, and books, stop it. 4. If you have been in the habit of reading printed sermons a good many times over, and then attempting to preach them, stop that. Get your Bible, fix on a passage, sit down to it and begin reading the passage over and over again. Study every verse thoroughly and select the verse you wish to use for a text.—Of this verse study not only every sentence but every clause and every word most diligently. Look out the meaning of the individual words especially. Note down on paper whatever thoughts occur to you during this effort. Avoid commentators, except for the meaning of obscure clauses or phrases; and even then only use them after, not before you have sucked out of the passage all you can by your own effort. If you take this course your thoughts will be mainly both rich and original. They will please yourself and of course excite you to additional thought.—Having worked on in this way for six, twelve or fifteen hours of hard prayerful study, being careful to write down all the thoughts that occur to you as you go on, you will find that you have collected a mass of thought sufficient to make three, perhaps five sermons. But do not make three or five. Make only one. Out of this accumulation of thought select the choicest; and best, arrange them under proper headings in one sermon. If you write on only one side of single leaves, which is an excellent plan, you can throw much of your matter into sermon form without re-writing. Imbue your soul with your theme by going prayerfully over it several times; then raising from your knees in the closet, hasten to the pulpit and try to preach as though you never expected to address your hearers again."—N. Y. Advocate.